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nine hundred and ninety-nine are enough for his use. But our question had, in point of fact, not the usefulness of the fleet in view, but originated solely in a sort of numeral mysticism. The matter is worse still, though by no means unusual, when somebody, by economizing or cheating, has at last succeeded in accumulating a fortune of \$90,000 in cash, and has now no rest until he has \$100,000 in full, although he does not need them; and in the effort, perhaps, if he does not get the gallows, at least merits it.

To what childish tricks does a man condescend, even in his mature age, if he allows himself to be directed by the guiding-threads of sensuousness. Let us now see, in the next division of our work, how much or how little better he will act, when he follows his path by the light of the understanding.

RAPHAEL AND MICHAEL ANGELO.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HERMANN GRIMM. BY IDA M. ELIOT.]

Raphael, as well as Michael Angelo, stood like a prince in contrast to the popes and Medici. But Raphael lived like a prince; had money, dependents, and a magnificent palace, which Bramante had built for him. Michael Angelo was treated like a prince; for, though the charms of brilliancy and of personal loveliness which surrounded Raphael did not belong to him, yet the independence of his behavior, together with the perfect mastery of every thing that pertained to his art, gave to him as much importance as if he himself constituted the whole kingdom.

When Raphael died Michael Angelo stood alone, without the shadow of a rival. We know very little about him at this time. In the year 1527, standing on the threshold of age, he appears again, and after the events that then drew him from his retirement, he lived through a long range of years, seeming really endless when we see how every one around dies and changes, while he alone survives.

Leo X. was succeeded, after a short reign of another pope,

by Clement VII., another of the Medici. Without any true instinct for the political condition of the country, without firmness to keep to a resolution after it was formed, without any feeling for the dignity of the Papacy when the interest of his family was at stake, he brought matters to such a point that we see him one day on the height of the castle of St. Angelo looking down in powerless rage as the soldiers of Charles V., Spanish and German, practised against defenceless Rome all the cruelties which were in the power of that army, whose savage conduct formed a terrible exception even to those times.

When thinking of the cruelty towards the inhabitants of the city, one almost forgets the injury which art suffered then. Golden and silver ornaments were melted; monuments standing in the public places broken to pieces; collections robbed, and every thing that was movable carried off; fires were built in those rooms of the Vatican which had been painted by Raphael, and the soldiers cut out the eyes of the figures. When Titian came to Rome, twenty years later — then only thirty years after Raphael's death — and saw the restored painting, he asked what bungler had been at work there. Since that day to this, three hundred years have passed.

Clement at first defended himself with the rest of his people. Benvenuto Cellini gives a vivid account of what took place in the castle of St. Angelo. There is a terrible moment, when the people crowd together, and the first foes break in like wolves. He tells how, throughout, there is a general scene of death and destruction; how the pope stands near him on the battlement of the castle, and Benvenuto directs his shot against the imperial troops; how he is obliged secretly to break the jewels from the pope's crown, and to sew them into the garments of the Holy Father. The gold is melted into a lump in a blast furnace, which was quickly built. Now the necessities of life begin to fail. Their ally, the Duke of Urbino, appears in the distance, and goes away without accomplishing any thing. All hope vanishes. The pope yields himself a prisoner. The Spaniards tear down the standard of the pope, and raise the colors of their emperor.

During these events Michael Angelo was in Florence, which was ruled in the name of the pope by the cardinal of Cortona, — a prelate who was hated by the citizens. The dissatisfaction was so universal that all longed for an opportunity to break away from him. Even before Rome had fallen, there was an insurrection in Florence, which the Medici were able this time to subdue. The disturbance lasted two days. The David of Michael Angelo was injured on this occasion. It stood where it now stands, before the palace of the Signoria, in which the insurgents were defending themselves. A bench thrown down from above hit it in such a way that one arm broke off and fell in three pieces. No one took any notice of it, and the pieces lay in the square, which was filled with soldiers, until two boys, Francesco Salviati and Georgio Vasari, — both of them famous artists in later years, — slipped by the sentinels and carried the pieces safely home. Years after, the Duke Cosmo had the broken arm fastened to the statue with copper bands.

This first disturbance of the citizens was scarcely quieted when the news came of the fall of Rome. There was now nothing worth holding in Florence. The Medici left the city, and the old republic was restored.

But it was not long before the pope and emperor were friends; that is, Clement yielded to that power whose supremacy in Italy had been resisted by himself and his predecessors. He cared for Florence only. Rome held the second place; Florence was the principal thought. He was somewhat in the condition of a man who neglects duty and honor out of consideration for his wife and children. He gave up the independence of the papacy, and made sure of the possession of Florence. The same army that had laid Rome waste, and then had gone south towards Naples, was now recalled and pressed into the service of the pope, in Tuscany. Now begins the struggle whose end was the end of Florentine freedom.

The reinstating of the Medici in the city was not exactly like the restoration of a legitimate ruling family. The Medici were at first citizens, like many others; they never belonged to the highest class. Their influence had changed from an impartial, benevolent protection, into a powerful management of

affairs, and at last they assumed the outward marks of a princely house, and by this showed their superiority to the rest of that class which originally had the same rank. It was a usurpation. Only two circumstances were in their favor: First, they had ruled for a century brilliantly and without hindrance, and a great proportion of the citizens depended upon them; second, as soon as the highest authority was removed, the parties in the city would not be held in balance, and threatened to destroy each other. But it was in the interest of Charles V. to have in Tuscany an established princely house dependent upon him, instead of an excitable, independent republic, whose sympathy for hated France seemed to be ineradicable. For the emperor, the destruction of Florentine freedom was a necessary act. The most thoughtful citizens felt this from the first, and tried to negotiate with him while their relations were still friendly. But they were under the control of an excited, heedless party, who would hear of no agreement, and who sought to defend themselves to the death.

Michael Angelo belonged to this party. He who was first known through the favor of the Medici, who had kept with them and worked for them, now shook off all associations and stood on the side of their enemies. The struggle lasted three years. All arts of persuasion, treachery, and force were at times attempted, but they were all nothing but oil thrown upon the fire. There is such a confusion of passions here presented to us, such an intermingling of characteristics whose tendencies we can trace out, that these three years of the Florentine republic form one of the richest chapters of history. Those nations whose conflicts caused the important events in ancient history are now dead and gone, but these occurrences are more closely connected with our own times, and fill us with partisan sympathy. It seems as if we could see the things happen. Florence, that was never destroyed or buried, never wholly conquered, now stands as firm as it stood then, and the sight of its buildings involuntarily makes one reflect upon what it has experienced. But this concerns only the external view; far more important to us than the outward appearance of those times is the spiritual meaning of the conflicts which

are not yet ended, and which may perhaps in the future break out with more bitterness 'than we of to-day are inclined to imagine.

There is nothing on the earth more touching than a people that is defending its freedom. Every other loss seems small in comparison. A lost freedom makes every other sorrow lose its force; no deprivation is worthy of name when that is mentioned. This is what makes the destruction of Carthage the most terrible event in ancient history, the destruction of Troy the most touching in the realm of poetry. For this reason there is so much significance in the German wars which were fought for freedom, because this is the only nation which has lost and then regained it; all others have perished when that was gone.

One might say that in Florence the Italian was fighting against Italy. But it was not so. The Italians who were defending the city were the old Florentines, who stood upon their own national character; those attacking the city belonged to the new Italy, which had already reconciled itself to dependence upon the Spanish emperor and his treacherous policy, by whose means art and science and religion were destroyed. Italy was ruined by Spanish influence; and who knows how many other countries might have been involved in their ruin in the course of the following centuries, if England and North Germany had not offered the resistance for which now, at last, they are beginning to reap their reward? Florence was occupied by merchants and trades-people. The aristocracy of the city consisted of the great banking firms, who, having immense wealth, advanced money to the kings of England and France. The real nobleman who controlled the city of Venice, and who everywhere in Italy played the most important parts in the cities and in the country, had entirely vanished from Florence. Either he must leave the city or join himself to a guild, to which he must be subordinate. So it came about that the city educated no youthful warriors and no great generals, and when it had a war to carry on, was obliged to depend upon hired troops. But through money it could control the nobility of Italy, who made the business of

carrying on war a regular means of livelihood. A war was undertaken then just as now we start the building of a railroad. Whoever was the richest man in Florence had the greatest number of adherents among the citizens, and received the most consideration.

When the conflicts between the native nobility and the citizens had ended with the victory of the latter, these quarrelled among themselves, and the jealousies between the rich, who wished to rule alone, and the poor, who desired their share in the government, took the place of the former strife, now ended. Here the Medici found the soil upon which they laid the foundation of their power. They made themselves necessary to both parties, through their riches. They not only did good service to individual citizens where there was want of money, but they helped the State in her foreign policy, by standing upon the best footing with the princes of Europe. If any thing was to be accomplished in Lyons, Milan, or Venice, people turned to the Medici; if one wanted a loan, they lent generously; if one wished them to accept State offices, they refused. On the other hand, through marriage they bound the noblest families to further their interest, favored art and education, and mingled socially with the crowd at public festivals. They did not rule; they merely gave good advice. They began to be feared, and were exiled; but the people voluntarily recalled them, and at last they could not be spared. Then, when under Lorenzo, — the one who protected Michael Angelo in his youth, — not only Tuscany, but all Italy, was brought into peace and prosperity, the power and position of his family became so firmly rooted in Florence that his antagonists gave up all hope.

Lorenzo died in the year 1492, and left three sons, the eldest of whom succeeded him in his rule, — a haughty, knightly character, who was much more concerned about his own proud person than about conducting the affairs of state, which were complicated and very difficult to manage. The other aristocrats, who were all of as good birth, and who were no lower in rank, soon felt themselves hurt, and joined with the people in disapproval. Piero perceived this, and being forced to take

some measures, at once made an attempt to become duke of Florence. The way which he took to accomplish this end brought the city into the most dangerous situation, although it brought him power.

At this time Venice was the most powerful State in Italy, perhaps in Europe. The Venetians held the same position which to-day the English hold. In opposition to them, Lorenzo de Medici, the duke of Milan, and the king of Naples formed a league, and these three States together against the fourth, strongest of all, held the balance of power in Italy. As soon as Lorenzo died, hostilities broke out between Milan and Naples. Piero de Medici took the side of the king, while the duke of Milan allied himself to France, and invited to Italy Charles VIII., a young, ambitious prince, whose house formerly laid claim to Naples.

Charles made every effort to gain Piero de Medici to his side, but Piero acted shamefully. The people, ever since their early history, had been inclined towards the French ; but Piero did not wish to break with Naples, and refused Charles's proposal. Then the king of France entered Tuscany as an enemy, and was everywhere victorious. Finally Piero changed his policy, and threw himself at the feet of the French. Without being conquered, he evacuated the fortresses, and hoped by this extreme humiliation to gain from Charles that favor which would now be useless to him if shown by Naples. But his reckoning was false. His behavior embittered the people ; the nobility rebelled, Piero was forced to flee, Charles recognized the republic in its new form, and the attempts of the Medici to be again reinstated in power were fruitless. Michael Angelo, at that time twenty years of age, had left the city before the catastrophe, having been warned, Condivi says, by threatening dreams. He soon returned, however, and was an ardent defender of the new order of things.

At the same time with the political revolution, another one began in behalf of morality and religion, guided by Savonarola, a monk born in Ferrara, who, as prior of the cloister of San Marco, had within a few years grown very powerful and influential, and now was the soul of the ruling party.

From the first he preached against the lawlessness that had fallen upon Italy. Vices of the worst kind had at that time penetrated all classes of society, that of the clergy above all. The most horrible crimes had become so common that they excited little attention and were regarded as only ordinary occurrences. Opposition to such a state of things; a feeling that they must make it different; a foreboding of some change to be brought about by force, —all these thoughts filled the minds of the people. Even during the last part of Lorenzo's life, Savonarola had urged repentance and a total change in the mode of life, warning the people of Florence that a divine punishment was imminent.

Now, when the French really came and behaved like demons, his prophecies seemed fulfilled in an astonishing manner, and Savonarola's party had the ascendancy over the aristocratic party, which, without the Medici, wished to rule in the Medician fashion. This supremacy was held for four years, maintained by the man whose life and works, and finally whose death, are grand and imposing.

He was the soul of the State. His sermons gave the tone to public utterances. His fame filled Italy and all Europe. The manners of the Florentines improved through his influence; the city endured bravely pestilence, war, and famine; and the religious enthusiasm of the people was so deep and penetrating that it increased from year to year, and indeed seemed to change the character of the inhabitants.

When the reaction came, when Savonarola was defeated by the machinations of the aristocratic party, and was burned by Pope Alexander, the republic still stood, and the party of the unfortunate man held fast to their faith in the truth of his doctrines and his prophecies. In their belief, the destruction of Rome in the year 1527, thirty years after his death, was only the fulfilment of a judgment which had been foreseen and foretold years before. Let us here give a summary of events: In 1492, Lorenzo died; in 1494, Piero was driven out; in 1512, the Medici family again established their power; this was a short time before Giovanni de Medici became pope, under the name of Leo X. Under him and under Clement VII., his

nephew, Florence was under the control of the Medici, until in 1527 it rebelled for the last time. Michael Angelo was at that time over fifty years of age.

I called him a friend of the family. Strictly speaking, however, the old Lorenzo was the only one whom he knew well. When Piero succeeded, he left the palace in which he had been living; and when Piero was driven off, he stood upon good terms with a distant branch of the family, who, had been banished, and now returned to the city. Afterward Michael Angelo's friend and patron was Soderini, who, until 1512, ruled the city as Gonfalonier for life, and who was especially opposed to the Medici. During the papacy of Leo X. he stayed very little in Rome, and made nothing of importance for him; but when Clement VII. employed him, since he was the greatest artist of his time, it was true that the commissions which he received were less honor to him than his acceptance of them was to those who gave them. He was a free man, and chose the side on which he would fight, without being bound either way.

In the year 1527, as in 1494, the aristocrats, by whom the revolution was begun, wished to hold the reins alone and as before, they were again overpowered by the whole body of citizens. There were at that time a great many men who had seen and heard Savonarola. They insisted that it should be then as before,—the former strict moral codes should be renewed, processions instituted, the old form of government, the consilio, restored. Michael Angelo was one of the members of the state commission on military affairs. He at once urged the fortification of the city. Capponi, the first of the three Gonfalonieri who had guided the helm during the first three years of the republic, opposed it. There was no danger at hand, and the fortification would be a dangerous demonstration. Capponi belonged to the aristocrats, but he wished to rule so that he should suit all parties. This was the very thing that had caused Soderini's failure. Capponi was a follower of Savonarola in reference to the freedom of the city and the consilio, but he wished no alliance with France; while this alliance formed the chief article of creed with the party

who were opposed to the aristocrats. When, in opposition to his efforts, the league was formed with France, and the fortification of the city carried on, he secretly entered into communication with the pope, and tried to prevent Michael Angelo in his work. It was Capponi's belief that the united power of emperor and pope could not be resisted, and all that there remained to do was to make the most favorable terms. This was the utmost that could be done. He resisted every thing that looked like forcible opposition. While Michael Angelo was directing the public buildings in Pisa and Leghorn, and, acting under the commission of the State, was examining the fortifications of Ferrara, Capponi stopped the works of defence which had been begun in Florence, and even sent off the materials that had been collected. This could not last. Capponi was deposed; Carducci, his successor, executed with energy the wishes of the French party. Circumstances now made more immediate action necessary. Soon things reached such a point that Florence, deserted by Venice and France, was thrown upon her own resources, opposed to a pope who would hazard every thing to bring the city into his power, and to an emperor who, at that time, was the most powerful prince in Europe. It need not be asked who would be the victor in this conflict, but only how long it would last and what it would cost. Clement paid the army before the city with his own money. The longer the Florentines defended themselves, so much the longer his payments must continue; besides, so much the poorer was the city itself, which lost through the war enormous sums of money.

When Michael Angelo came back from Ferrara, things were not so bad. They were hoping for help from France and Venice; they tried, by evading the pope, to make the emperor inclined to enter into direct negotiations; they had confidence in Malatesta Baglioni, who, in the name of the king of France, as general of the republic, commanded an imposing army. Michael Angelo urged with all his might the fortification of San Miniato, a hill directly before the city, towards the south, on whose summit lay a magnificent old church. Michael Angelo was one of those men who can be employed for any thing when

the time needs a man. He was painter, sculptor, poet, architect ; he made for himself the iron tools with which he worked in marble ; he himself quarried the blocks at Carrara ; contrived the scaffolding upon which he painted the ceiling of the Sistine, and planned the machines with which he moved his statues. Now he built fortifications, and contrived shields for the tower of San Miniato, which the imperial cannon had made their target. And in the midst of this disturbance he painted his Leda with the Swan, and privately worked on at the figures for the tomb of the Medici in the sacristy of San Lorenzo. In him the interests of art and politics were so united that he made his art of use against his enemies, from whom he was defending his fatherland.

Meanwhile the Spanish troops, under Philibert of Orange, had come nearer to Florence. Perugia lies half-way towards Rome. Here Malatesta Baglioni should have opposed him. The latter, however, who laid claim to the supreme power in Perugia, drew back after he had concluded an agreement with the pope by which the city should be spared. Next the Spaniards ought to have been checked at Arezzo, half-way between Perugia and Florence, but here also the garrison fell back upon Florence without making any resistance. Then the city was obliged to defend itself.

There were plenty of soldiers — foreign mercenaries as well as armed citizens — but food was scarce, for the avaricious Signoria understood matters too late to repeal the heavy duty upon grain. Now they brought in whatever could be procured, completed the fortifications, exiled suspected citizens or imprisoned them, destroyed all houses outside the city, and prepared themselves for the worst. By pestilence, religious fanaticism, and the secret feeling that at last there was an end to the long-cherished hope that help might come unexpectedly from outside, the inhabitants had risen to a degree of energy which displayed itself in the most obstinately disputed struggle.

If Florence had been besieged and at last taken by storm, its fate might perhaps have been more destructive to the lives of men and the works of art, but it would have seemed simple and natural, like some phenomenon of nature whose disastrous

effects are fearful, but not criminal. But here shameful treason appeared, whose invisible nets were drawn around the victim more and more closely, till at last, powerless, it was delivered into the hands of the enemy. Treason had become so common at that time that it is mentioned by Macchiavelli, without comment, as one of the customary state expedients, and that whenever it was practised the principle was never questioned. One pitied the victim, but the way and manner of the fall was not considered any thing extraordinary. Malatesta Baglioni's method of working is therefore no terrible exception, for which no one was prepared ; on the contrary, his treacherous course was from the beginning thought of and considered possible. The act in this case was fearful only on account of the tragic scene which it caused.

Baglioni laid claim to Perugia. When, in the name of the king of France, he was employed as the first general for Florence, and undertook to carry on the war with his troops, the pope was so badly off that the whole affair seemed to Baglioni very advantageous in reference to his position in Perugia. But when, after the reconciliation between pope and emperor, other relations were entered into, Baglioni would have lost with the fall of Florence his city, his troops, — in short, everything that he possessed. It behooved him to guard his own interest in case of a fall, which was possible, and very soon seen to be inevitable.

The pope met his endeavors half-way. Clement was in quite as critical a condition as his opponent. Not only was he obliged to pay with his own money the imperial troops now before Florence, but he had made additional agreements with the Prince of Orange, who commanded them ; he had promised him the hand of the young Catherine de Medici, who was then held prisoner by the rebels in Florence. When he did that, he knew very well that Orange intended to take Florence as a principedom for himself. It never entered the mind of a Medici to resign this city. He thought of ways and means to let the city be besieged by Orange, without allowing it to come into his power. It is now evident that Clement had an understanding with Baglioni that he should defend Florence

against the prince, and see that no Spaniard entered the city, but at the same time he should prevent the Florentines from going out to attack Orange, lest the attack might be successful, and destroy the besieging army. Thus the struggle would go on for a long time, the republican government would be divided, and finally, without being conquered, by capitulation the city would again fall into the hands of the pope. Then it would have been Baglioni who kept the city for him. Baglioni was safe in either case. If help should come from outside, he would appear to the city as a most fortunate defender, as a true savior in its extreme need; if things should happen as the pope hoped and expected, then the Medici would be deeply indebted to him.

His problem was therefore a very complicated one, and it is difficult to tell in individual instances whether he acted a traitor's part or not; only the result could show. The Florentines knew these things as well and better than we know them now. They observed Baglioni, and drew their conclusions. But the general's position was so favorable to him that at first it was not possible to be sure of the meaning of his acts. He always had some means at hand to explain every thing in the best way to the government; and when, finally, he was not able to do this, the time had passed when the city was in a condition to protect herself from him.

Michael Angelo was among those who instinctively saw through the false game of the man. As a member of the highest military authority, he saw more than many others. He felt that the retreat from Perugia was the first treacherous step of Baglioni's. Now Arezzo was suddenly given up. Baglioni threw himself and his troops into the city. A frightful insurrection of the citizens followed this turn in affairs. Every thing seemed lost; a revolt of the lower classes in favor of the Medici was expected. Many citizens left the city, and among the fugitives was Michael Angelo.

He had stated his views positively before the assembled Signoria. They would not listen to him. He was even accused of fear. He went away angry. He saw Florence in the power of the traitor; he saw the dangerous disposition of the people;

should the Medici enter victoriously it was all over with him. Overwhelmed with vexation and despair, he determined to do what many had done,—save himself, and leave his fatherland to the ruin into which it seemed blindly to plunge. In a few days, he thought, the Spaniards would be in the city, as in the year 1512, and the people would open their doors to them as before.

With two friends, he mounted his horse. He carried with him 12,000 gold scudi, which had been melted down. No one was allowed to leave the city. They refused him at the gate; but the guard recognized him: “It is Michael Angelo, one of the nine,” They let him go by. He took the road towards the north,—towards the mountains,—and reached Venice, truly the only place where he could go.

Two sonnets on Dante which are among his poems seem to belong to this time; perhaps he wrote them on the way, or in Venice, where he lived in retirement, and avoided tokens of distinction from the Doge and the whole nobility.

“Ungrateful fatherland,” one of the sonnets ends, “weaver of thine own fate, to thy destruction; for those who are the most perfect, thou preparest the heaviest sorrow. Among a thousand instances, I mention only this, that his shameful exile is without comparison, and that there never was a greater man than he upon the earth.”¹

¹ In William Hazlitt's translation (Bohn's Library) these two sonnets are versified as follows:—

“He from the world into the blind abyss
 Descended, and beheld the realms of woe;
 Then to the seat of everlasting bliss,
 And God's own throne, led by his thought sublime,
 Alive he soared, and to our nether clime
 Bringing a steady light, to us below
 Revealing the secrets of eternity.
 Ill did his thankless countrymen repay
 The fine desire; that which the good and great
 So often from the insensate many meet,
 That evil guerdon did our Dante find.
 But gladly would I, to be such as he,
 For his hard exile and calamity
 Forego the happiest fortunes of mankind.”

He loved Dante. He knew by heart whole poems of his. Even in the time of Pope Leo, the Florentines wished to have within their walls the ashes of the great exile. They appealed to the pope, and Michael Angelo's name is found under the petition. "I, Michael Angelo, the sculptor, also petition your Holiness, and I pledge myself to execute a monument worthy of the divine poet, and to put it in the city in a place honorable to him." Nothing came of all of this, because in Ravenna it was said that the ashes of Dante could not be found. Now, like Dante, he was himself an exile who wandered in a strange land. He seemed to compare his own situation with that of the great poet, and to console himself with the similarity of their fate.

Michael Angelo had been a few days in Venice when he repented of the step he had taken. He determined to return. Florence, which he had considered the prey of its enemies, had from the pitiful confusion in which he left it been roused to heroic energy. The citizens had solemnly sworn to conquer or to die. No more treaty or compromise. A heart-rending document has been preserved to us, which represented the feeling of the people; that is a dispatch of the Venetian ambassador in Florence, which was sent to Venice shortly after Michael Angelo's flight. It is quite probable that it was shown to him there. Every word must have fallen on his heart like a burning tear. His only desire then was to be again in Florence, and take part in the glory of his fatherland.

"How shall we speak of him, for our blind eyes
Are all unequal to his dazzling rays?
Easier it is to blame his enemies
Than for the tongue to tell his lightest praise.
For us did he explore the realms of woe;
And at his coming did high heaven expand
Her lofty gates, to whom his native land
Refused to open hers. Yet shalt thou know,
Ungrateful city, in thine own despite,
That thou hast fostered best thy Dante's fame;
For virtue, when oppressed, appears more bright,
And brighter therefore shall his glory be.
Suffering, of all mankind, most wrongfully;
Since in the world there lives no greater name."

The dispatch says that the citizens had burned all the suburbs, destroyed all gardens outside the walls, procured food, raised money ; promised exiles, without exception, that they should have full possession of their former rights if they would return within a month, and six hundred had already returned. All the inhabitants were armed, and they had sworn rather to cut to pieces their own fathers than to give up their freedom on unworthy conditions. And then the ambassador tells of the reproaches which are uttered against his own government, that promised freely, but gave no help. Indeed, the Venetians had no thought of assisting Florence in her death-struggle. Michael Angelo knew this very well when he again left Venice. There could be no doubt in his mind as to the result of the war. The hope of aid from the republic and from France was a vain one. At that time there was not any one who offered defiance to the emperor ; he was even on his way to Bologna, where he met Clement, and where the Florentines tried for the last time to negotiate with him. Titian also left Venice at this time ; but while Michael Angelo went towards ruin, he turned to Bologna, where he took part in all the festivities and formed one of the celebrities who increased the splendor of the whole court. What a contrast !

We know how Michael Angelo effected his return. Through the Florentine ambassador at Ferrara, he humbly entreated permission again to enter Florence. The people there longed to have him back again ; but now that he begged to come, they put themselves on their dignity. Perhaps but for that the Signoria would have yielded some points on their side, but as it was they said he must endure a fine and loss of position. He did not oppose any thing, yielded to all, and was immediately reinstated in his old place.

Michael Angelo returned in November, 1529 ; in the next August the city fell. Malatesta's treachery gave the final blow. Till the last moment they had hoped for help from the king of France. They knew very well that his help would be almost a miracle ; and yet in spite of that, when in July, 1530, the news came that Francis I. had taken to Bordeaux the children who had been left at Madrid, they rang the bells and

held a joyous mass in order to thank God for the favorable event. The citizens had no more wood to kindle festive fires. They began to eat the rats, when cats and dogs had been devoured. Oil and bran were not to be seen. Pestilence decimated the city. Eight thousand citizens and more than twice as many foreign soldiers had perished. On the 6th of August the gates were opened to the victor. A capitulation was concluded on tolerably favorable terms, and in it a universal amnesty proclaimed. But there is not any contract which can secure protection to a conquered party. The Medici took revenge with bloody hands. The leaders of the State, of whom they were suspicious, were executed. This was the fate intended for Michael Angelo. Search was made for him, but he kept concealed. According to the common tradition, he was in the house of a friend ; according to a tradition preserved in the Buonarotti family, he was in a tower of the Church San Niccolo, beyond the Arno. Here he waited until the first wrath of his former protector had passed away. The pope desired his death. Besides the fact that Michael Angelo was one of the most active rebels, his enemies now accused him of having suggested to the people that the palace of the Medici should be levelled to the ground. That was evidently a lie. The anger of the pope cooled off. He remembered what an artist Michael Angelo was. At last he went so far as to promise him a full pardon and his former income if he would only come forward and continue the work on the family monument.

Then Michael Angelo left his hiding-place, and quietly went back to his work. He gave himself no recreation ; he ate and drank but little, and had sleepless nights, and suffered from dizziness and headache. His friends feared that he would die if this went on any longer.

A verse written by him at this time shows the gloomy condition of his mind. He had completed the figure of Night, — a woman's form half-sitting, half-lying. We remember Homer's expression, "Sleep relaxed his limbs," when we look at this beautiful figure sunk in quiet slumber. The right leg is drawn up a little ; the arm rests upon it ; and the face, with the

eyes shut, leans against the back of the closed hand. A braid of hair falls over the neck and shoulder down upon the breast. It is wholly nude.

According to the custom in Italy, people fastened all kinds of complimentary poetry to the statue, when publicly exhibited. One of the verses reads: "Night, which thou seest sleeping in such a charming position, was carved in this marble by an angel. (angelo). She is alive; she merely sleeps; waken her if thou dost not believe it, and she will speak." Michael Angelo let the work itself reply, and wrote below the wonderful verse which begins, "*Grato me'è il sonno più l'esser di sasso,*" whose translation into metre is not possible for me. "Well for me that I sleep; better still that I am of stone, while dishonor and shame endure in the land; to see nothing, to hear nothing, is the happiest fate; therefore wake me not, pray, but speak softly."

He dared to say this in public. He dared venture to refuse his assistance in building the new citadel of Florence, when requested by the Grand Duke Alexander, whose vindictive disposition he knew. True, he was again in Rome when he did it, but the arm of the prince could have reached him there; for what he refused to Alexander he refused to the pope as well. Michael Angelo must have held a remarkable relation toward Clement. He worked with covered head in his presence; he refused oftener than was necessary to appear at court; the pope dared not sit down in his presence, for the artist would immediately have done the same. And once, when without the wish or knowledge of the artist he took a view of one of his works which was just begun, Michael Angelo remained on his scaffolding, and threw down, as if by chance, a board whose fall had nearly injured the pope. He could not endure to have outsiders look upon his works before they were done; and that may be the reason of the anger which he felt when Bramante secretly opened to Raphael the room where he painted. When he carved the David, he had a board partition made around the marble block, and the eyes of no one rested upon the work until he showed it to all the people. Vasari tells how he himself came to see him one night, and found him at work. By a contrivance of his own, Michael

Angelo managed to fasten a light into the top of his hat, and worked on in that way. When Vasari entered, and naturally wished to see upon what the artist, who was at that time a famous master, was at work, suddenly Michael Angelo put out the light, and went on speaking in the dark.

The furious passion into which he fell at times, as into a fit of madness, influenced to a great extent his outward life. He always tried, however, to make amends for the wrong he did at such times, and he continually encountered men who would not let themselves be put out by his actions. Those were times when human life was held cheaper than now. People would rather be armed with sword and dagger than have pistols or a rifle in their hands, and very often this means of self-defence was necessary. Every walk through the dark streets of a city during the night might give rise to a quarrel; every journey was a little campaign on one's own account, undertaken against an unexpected attack. The wars, great and small, filled the country with people whose business was to carry arms. The citizens defended their walls and their rights; merchants resisted by force of arms all highwaymen, or on the sea all attacks from pirates; for at that time an incessant conflict was waged along the coasts of the Mediterranean. So, every one shaped his own life in unrestrained freedom; there was no established conventionality, in accordance with which the lives of thousands or hundreds of thousands were all spent in the same routine, while only the chief among them was obliged to do the planning.

In Cellini's life we have a most vivid account of how things were at that time; Vasari's "*Lives of the Painters*" also shows a great number of adventurous expeditions. Every interest was touched; people gave way to every feeling; every passion easily found expression; and so, taken in reference to the whole, Michael Angelo's character stands less alone in its reckless disregard of circumstances. Still it was fortunate for him that he met princes who knew how to appreciate the man. Beneath the hardness of his manners lay the most tender gentleness. When he was going to Bologna in 1506, to be reconciled to the pope, Piero Soderini, who from 1502 to 1512 ruled

the city as Gonfalonier, gave him a letter, in which he wrote : “ If one is fair-spoken to him, one can gain every thing from him ; one must show love for him, and prove one’s good will, and he will accomplish things which will fill the minds of all those who see him, with astonishment.” At that time Michael Angelo was thirty-two years old ; how much more sensitive must he have been now, when a man of fifty-six. People knew that with him there was no compromise, and were satisfied with whatever he did, so as not to lose his wonderful art. In order to show what was ascribed to him, I will tell one of those anecdotes about whose value I have already spoken. When he was modelling a Christ, in his enthusiasm about the work, he insisted upon having his model nailed to the cross, that he might better perceive the expression of pain. That would never have been attributed to Raphael. But then his poems show that the tenderness, the deep sensitiveness of his spirit were no fable. They sprang from his soul as the snow-drops grow under the snow which conceals, while it protects from the frost. His pride and his ambition were only the expression of his aspiration to be worthy of himself. Raphael strove for the cardinal’s hat as a child reaches out for gold and diamonds ; but I believe Clement would have been cautious about offering this honor to Michael Angelo, who, perhaps, would not have refused it in the gentlest way. There are some natures which are great on account of what they attain ; others, through what they refuse. One could not approach him with presents ; he would not give up the least part of his independence. Only in rare cases did he make an exception. Once, when he had admired a splendid Arabian horse belonging to the Cardinal Hippolytus de Medici, and it was sent to him as a present, he conquered his objection and accepted it.

Being reconciled to the pope, he went to Rome, made one visit to Florence afterwards, and then never went there again. The next letter for the year 1532 is dated at Rome, and written to Sebastian del Piombo, the famous painter, who worked as well with his left as his right hand, and for whom, before this time, he had made a sketch for a picture that would rival some of Raphael’s work. The letter speaks about the monument of

Pope Julius, of money matters, and of blocks of marble. The next, without date, sets forth in a comprehensive account every thing that Michael Angelo had to suffer during the whole affair. It is a long piece of writing, and the original, as we have it, is not in the author's hand; indeed, according to Dr. Guhl's opinion, in which other authorities agree, it was not even composed by him. According to Vasari's and Condivi's statements, it must have been forged. Guhl asks if it is at all probable that, at the time when Michael Angelo was wholly engrossed with his last misfortune — the accusation of dishonesty — he would all at once write a full account of what had taken place long before. The letter itself, indeed, is of moderate length, but the copious postscript reaches back into past times, and contains the strongest expressions about the plottings which sought from the very beginning to hinder his progress. It ends with the remark about Raphael already quoted: that whatever Raphael knew about architecture he had learned from him.

This ending seems too severe to even Herr von Neumont, whom we must thank for making the letter known in Germany.¹ I think that these words could have come from no one except Michael Angelo.

Pope Clement died in 1534. Paul III., his successor, adopted all his projects in art, as Clement had carried on those of Leo X., and Leo those of Pope Julius. Still the completion of the monument was far in the distance. Trouble of all kinds befel the artist as a consequence of the work. Clement died, there was a new pope, and Michael Angelo's enemies hoped that they could influence him against the artist. Michael Angelo thinks it is necessary for his new master to know that while he is worried with the burden of this affair unexplained, he cannot paint quietly. At that time he was working on his great picture of the Last Judgment.

He has finished his letter, and has expressed himself as briefly as possible, when the thought comes over him of the

¹ He published it in 1834, in a little pamphlet which appeared at Cotta. The original is printed in Harford's book. Herr von Neumont defends its genuineness.

long list of grievances which he has suffered unjustly. The pope must understand the whole thing from the beginning. He writes a postscript, tries very hard to represent every thing clearly and in proper order, and getting excited with the thought of these past events, he grows more and more angry, till at last, with bold words, he says that the jealousy of Raphael and Bramante was the cause of all the trouble, and declares openly that what Raphael knew of architecture he owed to him and no one else. He could say that then, since on the one hand Raphael's fame as a painter stood firm, while on the other hand it was long ago acknowledged that the alterations which he made to Bramante's plans of St. Peter's were not any improvement.

If Michael Angelo wrote the letter, it is not certain that he sent it off. It may have been found among his papers and copied. He may have shown it to some one, who copied it without his knowledge, while he himself destroyed the original. If it came from the pen of a partisan, who wished by this to vindicate Michael Angelo, he would have had tact and reserve enough not to have forged such expressions; for in the opinion of mankind generally they must tend to the injury of the great master, rather than be a help to his cause.

The trouble was not at all ended by this letter; it continued just the same, and more letters were written about it. These, together with the explanations of the editor, form the successive acts of a suit, which one follows with eagerness into its minutest details. This suit embittered the life of the artist, and increased the sadness which the fate of his native city had brought upon him. Added to this, his father, who had lived to an old age, died at this time, and his brother followed in the same year, leaving children to be cared for. And, besides, he had a misunderstanding with Sebastian del Piombo, his old friend, to whom he was never again reconciled. The cause of their difference shows how excited Michael Angelo was, and how he was preparing for himself the fate of so many great men constituted like him, — that of entering upon a doubting, gloomy old age, alone, and without friends.